

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XVII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1852.

NUMBER 19.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.

By Mail, or at the Office, *per annum*, \$1 50
If not paid within the year, 1 75
By carrier, 2 00
If paid within the year, 2 25
No paper discontinued until arrears are paid.

All communications must be post-paid.

J. V. D. Palmer is agent for this paper in Boston and New York.

S. M. Pettengill & Co., 10 State Street, Boston, are our authorized agents.

JUSTUS COBB, Publisher,
By whom all kinds of Book and Job Printing will be done on favorable terms.

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Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

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A Postmaster neglecting to inform a publisher when his paper is not taken from the office, makes himself liable for his subscription price.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The METROPOLITAN will be completed, and open for the reception of company, September 1st. Price of Board, two dollars per day.

**SIMEON LELAND & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.**

**Pheips & Stewart,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,**

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE
At the office of Pheips & Stewart, Esq.

SAMUEL S. PHILLIPS, Middlebury,
JOHN W. STEWART, Jr.,
Aug. 5, 1852. 16-14.

**W. P. Russel & E. F. Smith,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,**

Middlebury, Vt.

Aug. 17, 1852. 17-18.

**WESTERN
VERMONT RAILROAD,**

COMPLETED TO RUTLAND, where it connects with the Troy & Boston Railroad. Forming the shortest and most desirable Rail route between Rutland & Troy.

1st. Mail Train leaves Rutland at 10:20 A.M. on or arrival of the Rutland & Burlington trains from Bellows Falls & Burlington, arriving at 1:45 P.M. from New York by Hudson River Rail Road, 2 P.M.

2d. Mail Train leaves Rutland 1:45 P.M. on arrival of Express trains from Burlington & Boston arriving in Troy at 5 P.M. and New York 10:30 P.M. by H. R. R. R.

A Freight train leaves Rutland every morning.

Tickets to be procured at the Stations on the Rutland & Burlington Railroad, and on Conductors on the Cars.

Aug. 27, 1852. 15-17. W. S. JOHNSON, Secy.

**AGRICULTURAL
AND
IRON STORE.
J. Davenport**

WOULD inform the public that he has removed to the store formerly occupied by Johnson & Co., where he has on hand a general assortment of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

OF THE

most approved Kinds

now in use—among which are:

Rock Foundry,
Tabor's, and

Bogies, Nourse & Mason's PLOUGHs, and other patterns;

Cultivators;

Hoes;

Forks;

Seythes;

Garden Rakes;

and a great variety of FARMING TOOLS.

A. L. S. G.

STOVES,

in great variety, including,

2 sizes Green Mountain State (new pattern),

3 do. Empire State, and other Air-Tight

Coal Stoves,

do. Mountain Queen,

do. Hot Air Stoves,

Parlor Cook, Oiler do., &c., &c. Also, the best patterns of ORNAMENTAL PAT- and BOX STOVES to be found in Troy and Albany.

Together with a full assortment of Bar, Round and Hoop Iron, American and English Sheet, Hollow Sheet, Wire, Brass, Copper and Iron Pumps, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Zinc, Cut and Wrought Nails—all sizes, Horse Nails and Shoes, Nail Rods, Carriage Bolts, Sad Irons, Cauldron Kettles, Arch and Oven Mottles and Plates, Mott's Furnaces, Grind Stone Cranks and Rollers, &c.

FOUNDRY

AND

MACHINE SHOP

J. DAVENPORT

Has at his Foundry and Machine Shop, at the Lower Falls, a large assortment of Patterns for

MILL AND OTHER CASTINGS: Also, a great variety of PULLEY PAT-TERNS, Sewing and Gear Cutting of all kinds will be attended to.

MACHINERY WORK, of every decription, done in the best manner, at the lowest rates.

CAST IRON FENCE, various pat-terns, made and set up to order.

N. B.—The subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any dealer in this section. An examination of his stock and prices is respectfully solicited.

* * All orders promptly attended to.

J. DAVENPORT

Middlebury, May 1, 1852. 33-34.

The Beach Bird.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

Between old gable-roofs afar
I watch the shadows on the bay,
When o'er it hangs the morning star
Or steals the glow of parting day.

Like marble gleams its crystal blue
Beneath the sky's unclouded dome,
While every breeze awakes to view
A thousand crests of peary foam.

I watch the salt across it glide,
And vanish like a wing in air,
Or, mirrored in the glassy tide,
The anchored craft sway idly there.

I see the vagrant spray play,
Over clover bloom and twinkling grass,
And the poplar leaves delay
That turn to silver as they pass.

Through clatter-mists that, as a shroud,
I've nestled into dimly o'er,
Lie a huge spectre wrapt in a cloud,
I watch the dying sycamore.

I sat between the fair skipper and her father, in a dream of bewilderment. Their manner put me perfectly at ease, and the conversation went on swimmingly as the keel, every topic heightened and fresened inexpressibly by the mystery of the acquaintance. There was no danger of a betrayal even of name, for they called each other by the familiar appellation, and "Constance," and "Arthur," and "Papa" soon became as used to my ears as if I had known them intimately from my boyhood.

I think I am "in" for a description. I don't very well see how I can let you off without it. If I were to report the gay conversation around the tiller, it would not be at all the same thing as the sweet-toned bangles of a voice like a disguised enchantress's, and as I forgot everything I said myself, and only remember here and there an observation of Mr. Arthur and his venerable father, then would be a precious probability that two-thirds of the dialogue would be clear fancy—a quality I wish particularly to avoid in this narration. A swan with his wings spread would have rounded the point of Isle Diamond in half an hour—a standard mile. It was in other respects as lovely a morning as the lark at heaven's gate ever heralded.

"What a fairy boat!" She shot suddenly out from a small cave above me—a white, slender aerial thing, with a deep green hand through her waist, her salts snowy and all set, and a pink streamer from either mast, most running away in long curves from the wind, and flaunting most gracefully. At her helm sat a lady, and as I caught a glimpse of a dark eye under her bonnet, she leaned forward just so far as to show an exquisite figure in relief, and putting down the tiller, ran right for the point where I was sitting. A minute more, and the sharp bow grated on the pebbles, and the shadow of the little topmast passed over my feet. I rose and looked around for the object of their visit. I was on the bank alone—no one within sight—what could they mean by running down upon me so pointedly. Before I had time to wonder twice, a young man, of sixteen apparently, who had been hid from view by the main-sail, leaped ashore and raised his hat with a courteous "good morning."

"You seem to be alone, sir? will you honor us with your company up the lake?"

"Certainly, sir—with all my heart—but—but—and, as I hesitated, I looked inquisitively at an elderly gentleman who had risen from the windward seat in the stern, and stood looking at us with a smile.

"My son's invitation is rather abrupt, sir," said he, bowing in answer to my look, "but I beg you will accept it notwithstanding. We are losing the morning breeze—will you step on board?"

A single leap and my foot was on the taffrail.

"Stop!" said the lady, springing up from the tiller, and motioning me back with her hand—her voice was enough to set you dreaming the rest of your life!"—one condition—as I ran the shallow down for you without permission of these two gentlemen, (who by the way have the honor to stand for my father and brother,) I claim the right to make it. Do you agree?"

She nodded to us all—and I bowed my assent.

"We are bound to some one of these lovely islands—as far up as the wind will take us—to idle away the day. You, sir, (addressing me,) are to have the honor of my society and special protection as commander of the boat; till I set you on this bank again at sunset—promising, however, before these gentlemen, that you will ask us no personal questions whatever during the voyage, and make no inquiries of our name and whereabouts after you have left us. This sacrifice of curiosity I consider necessary to my maiden delicacy—otherwise compromised perhaps by this whimsical assault upon a stranger."

I had been left at the hotel that morning by a large party, who, after coming down the lake in the steamboat—thirty miles through the rain, and all the time passed in the cabin—were content to stay at daylight and take coach for the Springs, without waiting even an hour or two to see the most beautiful sheet of water in the world by sunshine. I had been hurried from Niagara, and dragged past the Thousand Isles, and deprived of all but a mere glimpse of Montmorenci—but to leave Lake George in such grocer's hurry—without touching

one of its green islands, or looking once into its strangely transparent depths by a clear sky—it was the drop too much! I was missing when the coach drove up, and they went without me. There was no other visitor at the lonely hotel, and when the wheels were out of hearing, I felt, for the first time in a month, the luxury of solitude.

The sails filled and away we shot from the shore, the beautiful sloop stealing through the water as if, like a thousand crests of peary foam.

"I had lit A living spirit within its frame,
Breathing the soul of earnestness into it."

I sat between the fair skipper and her father, in a dream of bewilderment. Their manner put me perfectly at ease, and the conversation went on swimmingly as the keel, every topic heightened and fresened inexpressibly by the mystery of the acquaintance. There was no danger of a betrayal even of name, for they called each other by the familiar appellation, and "Constance," and "Arthur," and "Papa" soon became as used to my ears as if I had known them intimately from my boyhood.

"It is my lot in life—everything

comes to me fragmented and inven-

tive. I have never heard of them since.

The landlord remarked that they were boarding privately at a farm house a mile back in the country, and that is all I know of them. They were people of the first cultivation, and the highest tone of breeding and courtesy I have ever met. I hoped some day to see them. But after travelling through all the northern and middle cities, and going much into society, but seeing no trace of them, I gave up in despair.

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